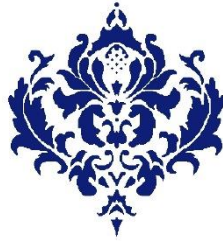


Goodreads Best Poems 2022



Collected works



Prologue

An anthology for every season & every feeling.

Goodreads Best Poems 2022 showcases the collected works of Bernard Smith,

Alman Sabir, Ricky Mato, Darci Steiner, Sing Vang

Michael Crocjimans, Catherine Habbie, Saheli Dey, Rodney Roby &

D.A. Simpson.



THE SUN MELTED LIKE WAX- D. A. Simpson

The sun melted like wax
in a vast firmament
that smouldered aloft

As the exulted orb
fell through the emptiness
to'ard a sea of molten copper
at the close of day

While the heavens turned to crimson
beyond a mountain range
in yonder distance
Whose granite walls burned bright
in the lambency of dusk

Changed from stone inanimate
to glowing monoliths
of deep magenta

Stirred from a torpid inertia
by the pageantry spectacular
That swept through the evening sky



A STYGIAN SKY- D. A. Simpson

A stygian sky
compounded the despond
That pervaded the cold of night
while the darkness
written on the infinite canvas
Grew darker still

And there was a silence awhile
that abided amid the stillness
Of the tenebrous firmament

As cool mists gathered
upon an inscrutable horizon

Which marked the boundary
tween the dim day of evenfall

That enigmatic threshold imponderable
when shadows abound
in the corridors of nocturnal obscurity

And daybreak a'dawning

When a light unknowable
from yonder heavenly realm
Does a vanquish ever and ever anew
the sepulchral desolation
Of each impenetrable midnight



The Tide was Low - D. A. Simpson

The tide was low
that night
And the languid waters
devoid of vigour
lapped at the slumbering sand
Which slept beneath a sky
that knew no stars

For there was a fog
a heavy curtain indistinct
drawn across the indigo
cutting out the light

That lay scattered
beyond reach
throughout the infinite cosmos

Concealed awhile
from those who abide
Upon earth's dusty crust



A SOFT LILAC- D. A. Simpson

A soft lilac
characterised the sky

While a pale light from a serene moon
hovered at the edge of the scape
Where a forlorn adieu
of a departed sunset
lingered in a haze of lavender
And there was a gentle breeze
which ruffled the tranquil waters
that abided amid infinite benthic realms

While a shimmer
issued by the dawning nigh tide
Skimmed the horizon

As the breeze whispered
to the frisky the sands
and frittered them away
For to scatter upon the moonlit seas
their myriad grains of quartz
Which rejoiced in a silverine glow
by the orb of night bestowed



A SUN OF VERMILION- D. A. Simpson

A sun of vermillion
scorched the evening sky
With the embers of the dying day

When the great orb
flared a final adieu
In the endless expanse

And sank beneath the barren hills
that exulted in the lambency of dusk

While the waters of the lagoon
shimmered in light of evenfall

And silence pervaded the scene

While the mists of night gathered
for to shroud the land
At the midnight hour
when dreams and visions prevail



Me After You -Sing Vang

Peacefully asleep
Brush back a loose strand
Calm washes over
As I touch your soft hand
Darkness had a home
Everything went astray
Clarity seeps in
Night yields to day
Nothingness is filled
By all we now share
Lungs finally breathe
Not just take in air
Heart that was broken
By love somehow spent
Every broken piece loves you
The one who was meant
For the rest of my days
Know this be true
Happier now
Me after you



Swallow Your Flaming Arrows- Darci J. Steiner

Which virus has plagued us collectively, daily, since the beginning of
mankind?

Which virus has killed more?

The viral rage of judgment and self-righteousness,
Or, the Coronavirus?

Who is vulnerable in this terminable life?

Who is vulnerable to the insults and words of mankind?

Is man really so kind with destructive tongue his throng?

Unleashed, unchartered, untamed.

Masks try to hide the pride bearing his name.

Masks to protect the vulnerable keep in place,
Obstructing our shouts and berating of mankind.

Who is vulnerable to sticks and stones?

Name one never hurt by them.

Name one not hurt more profoundly by a name.

Oh, the pangs of voices in our heads,

Of memorialized reverberations—their voices beating us down....

Voices behind the masks still ruminate in our heads.

And whose ears hear reverberations of our voices?

...and of our critical silences heard louder still?

Do our tongues torch everyone we meet?

High-oxygen fire burns fiercely blue.

Hot cold demeaning tones, threats, and names.

The tongue is a deadly strangling fire.

Mask off.



The face of truth exposed- Darci J. Steiner

The virus of the tongue can be transposed.
Time to rethink how to love our neighbor,
Peace-making is in everyone's favor.
Restrain the fiery darts of judgment and self-righteousness.
Mask judgment, mask critique, mask what you think makes you more sleek.
No one is "better than."
The virus always lurking, without pondering whom to attack—
Multiplying its invisible force exponentially, killing without a sword.
Its weapon almost immeasurable, its effect largely ignored.
But...
A candle burns a flame, too.
Contained, restrained, beautiful.
Lighting the darkness with hue.
Contained, it is not deadly. Contained, the flame allures.
When does the flame escape you?
Refrain, restrain, regain your peace.
Call a ceasefire on your tongue.
Time to call a truce.
The battle is against yourself, more so than another.
Unarm yourself to unarm yourself.
Peace is within the light of your candle; blaze illuminating.
Be a light in the fight.
Call on your senses.
Taste the goodness of the world; swallow your flaming arrows.
Hear that all humanity is created equal, not excluding you.
See others with compassion; explore another's soul.
Touch and unify.
Waft the sweet-smelling scent of your candle resplendent.
Call in your troops.
Mask the tongue; suffocate the hate.
Unmask your flame of peace to shine your shade of light.
All hues welcome, for light is not light without color.
Together we forge peaceful paths.
Together we can tame the virus of the tongue of hate.
Choose this day to love.
Rise above this Flight for Life.



The Arrival - Darci J. Steiner

Crocus breaking ground
Anticipate warmer days
Hush! Their days short lived.

Spring Thunderstorm
Thunderous explosions
Set in motion, not by man.
Clash! The Divine speaks.

Carnival of Flowers
Confetti blossoms
Pinwheels blowing in the wind.
Halt at sunsets end.



Rush and Relax- Darci J. Steiner

Remember the Rush
Of flowing river waters?
Relax. Listen now.

Colorado Rocky Mountains
Monumental bliss
From the Fifty-Two-Eighty.
Flowers magnetize.

Senses
July leaves full bloom,
Bequests to all beholders.
Listen now and see.

Timberline
Pine trees line to see
Beyond alpine timberline.
Quaking Aspen there.

Summer's End
Crisp leaves leave summer,
Diminuendo they fall.
Pianissimo.



Home is at Home - Michael Croojimans

Do you remember
Our finest moments
Maybe you've moved on

Do you remember
Our most intimate, so strong
Maybe you've turned into stone
All I can say, you're still the one



Shelter from the masses – Michael Croojimans

I shelter
From the storm
Darkness and air
I hide myself
Tormented
Driven to despair

I feel lost
In this revolving crowd
A league of masses
Disgracing me
Taunting
Pain and doubt

A spirit
To the likeness of you
Saving me from storms
I long for a home
A place of comfort
Where love exceeds
And warms

For I am shattered
And in dire needs

I live secluded
In absence of stillness
Within the whirlwind
I die a man
Embittered, in silence
I no longer could
No longer can

A final love
To the likeness of you
To breathe and live
I hold you tight
As I behold your grace
Forever
You loving me
And caressing my face

In darkness a beacon
In turmoil you guide
As I carry you close
Beyond space and time
My everlasting light
For always yours
Perpetually mine



Saint Valentine's Day- Bernard Smith

And so the day has come at last
And Cupid fills up his quiver.
He looks across his trusty map
And flies down to the river.

There he spies some boys and girls
Walking through the grass and roots.
He fits an arrow in his bow
And taking careful aim he shoots.

"Success!" he cries. His aim was true,
His dart has hit his prey.
His victim gives a little cry
Upon this fateful day.

Cupid had a busy time,
His darts rained from above.
At last he rightly took his rest
From his labours
In the cause of love



Love Poem- Bernard Smith

If music be the food of love,
 Play on.
Give me your arpeggios,
 Your chords and trills,
 Your lightning runs,
 Your riffs and frills.

 We sat together,
 As the records spun.
Listening to the music
 Fill the air.
The magic of Mozart,
The vivacity of Vivaldi,
 And not forgetting
 The Hot Rats
As they scampered
 Across the floor.



An Ode to Surrealism- Bernard Smith

A melting watch,
A man hiding
Behind an apple,
And a train
Emerging from a fireplace.
And in the flesh,
Dali walking proudly,
With Gala on his arm
And his pet cheetah
On its lead.



The Data Song - Bernard Smith

Data, data, everywhere,
Give me more data,
Megabytes,
Gigabytes,
I'll take the lot.
But how much will I need,
To stop the rot?



The Political Life- Bernard Smith

So Boris got himself into a hole
Which he could not get out of,
And now there is

A leadership contest.

A number of candidates:
Many have led a gilded life.
Have any been upon the dole?
Be that as it may,
They will battle it out,
And then only one will remain,
At the pinnacle
Of the greasy pole.



The Death of Internet Explorer- Bernard Smith

Sitting at midnight
Hunched over the PC
I reach out across the internet
My virtual fingers
Probe the darkest corners
The most obscure domains
As I feed my curiosity.

But now, my trusted browser
Is no more
It is defunct
Its life support
Has been turned off.
Farewell old friend!
I couldn't have done it without you.



A lullaby for bad weather- Bernard Smith

To sleep, to sleep,
My darling child
The rain beats down,
The wind is wild,
But here inside
Your life is mild.
So sleep some more
My darling child.



The Golden Age- Bernard Smith

When Saturn ruled
And all the world
Was a paradise.
The green groves
Were filled with fruit
For all to eat,
And none would work
But took their ease
Beneath the trees.

But then came
Jupiter
With his boundaries.



Jibbuwacky- Bernard Smith

And now the humble trilobite
That creature of the ancient time:
In the silence of the night
It sits and ponders
Black and white.
Then when the new day has begun
And the sun is shining bright
It looks in marvel
At the sight
And sighs the deepest sigh



Global Angst- Bernard Smith

We don't need an asteroid
To decimate our home.
Our world will soon become a void
If we wage a nuclear war.
Each land will be a deadly zone
From mountain top
To ocean shore
And humankind
Will be no more



Thoughts of an Englishman- Bernard Smith

If I should be hit
By a Satan missile,
Think only this of me:
In a leafless corner of England
There are some scattered atoms
Which I once
Called mine.



Error 404-Bernard Smith

My notifications
Have vanished.
Like the stars at sunrise,
And the sun behind a cloud,
And my dreams as I wake.
I am bereft.
I spoke:
"Alexa,
Tell me a joke".

But all she said was:
" Error 404 -
File not found".
This was such a hopeful sound,
I fainted,
And crashed to the ground.

My notifications
Are back!
No longer do I have to sing
Alas and alack.

A poem for World Book Day
Bernard smith

Open a book
And take a look.
You will find
Many interesting characters,
Like Captain Hook,
And Long John Silver,
The pirate cook.



Jazz- Bernard Smith

The powerful pulse of the walking bass.
The drummer's hands are a blur in
As his sticks thrash the kit,
The drums resound,
The shimmering cymbals ring.

The pianist sits
Hunched over the keys
His fingers stab out the chords
Haunting harmonies
Then rippling runs
Sweeping the octaves.

As the music churns
The bright sound of the trumpet
Rings out across the room.
The player with eyes closed
His cheeks inflated
As he pours his soul into the brass.
The group is locked
Into an ecstasy of creation.
The jazzmen
Are testifying.

RIP

Farewell
To Gel.

Friend of my school days,
We listened to jazz and blues
And discussed sci-fi books
And sometimes
We did some school work.

We even formed a band
On paper anyway.
You named it:
Ebony Ned and the Sodah Men.
A great name!
But who was going to be Ned?
And why Sodah and not Soda?
Now I will never know.
But I will remember you.



Schrodinger's Cat - Bernard Smith

Most people think the cat is made up
A conceptual cat
Merely an actor
In the notorious thought experiment.

But I am here to tell you
That is not the case
For I am that cat
A REAL cat!
Made of blood, flesh and fur.

My name is Gustav
The first name of Mahler
His favourite composer
We have lived together many years
On friendly terms
Though I value my independence
As all cats do.

Most of the time
He works on his science
I don't understand it of course
But I know he is famous
So I bask in his glory
As I bask in the sunshine.



The Morning After The Month Before - Bernard Smith

A project
Plagued with problems:
Broken technology,
Difficult people,
Protean concepts.
So sleepless nights,
Anxiety,
Psychosomatic pains,
A litany of woe.

But now
The sun is shining,
The sky is full of rainbows,
My heart is light as air,
Oh joy!
The Lament of Mother Earth

I gave the gift of life
To them all:
The plants,
The animals,
And the proud humans.
In the beginning
There was balance,
The scales of existence
Were level.
But now
The humans are ruining it all.
Their greed knows no bounds,
They out-locust the locusts,
They empty the ground
To build up to the sky.

And so,
Even my life-giving rain
Has become polluted.
It has become the burning tears
Of a weeping mother.



A poet at work- Bernard Smith

The Sun has set
The air is still
So silently
I take my quill.

The thoughts won't come
I crease my brow
Some images
Are needed now

Then suddenly
Into my mind
A phrase! At last
Oh what a find!

The words now flow
Onto the page
It's done!
The poet
Can now unwind ...



Sticky Beef- Bernard Smith

Sticky beef, sticky beef,
As quick as you can make it.
Put it in a serving dish,
Be careful not to break it.



Farewell- Bernard Smith

To Gel.

Friend of my school days,
We listened to jazz and blues
And discussed sci-fi books
And sometimes
We did some school work.

We even formed a band
On paper anyway.
You named it:
Ebony Ned and the Sodah Men.
A great name!
But who was going to be Ned?
And why Sodah and not Soda?
Now I will never know.



LOVE AND CONNECTION- Ricky Mato

Love comes with connections
From every directions
Couples have families
And their relatives
It's like hooking
Up all that is relating
Everyone shares that love
That comes from the couple's love
Children and parents
Families and friends
Its whole wide web connections
In that relations



MY CHILDHOOD MEMORIES- Ricky Mato

My childhood memories
Like I was on a boat speeding across the seas
All the scenes and the images
The actions and the moments
They come flying back at me
My childhood memories
My childhood memories
Like I was washed by the rain
And the memories keeps pouring down on me
I was showering with thoughts
They come flying back at me
My childhood memories
My childhood memories
Like I was in the path of the breeze and it comes
Spinning towards me
From every direction they just swept me cool
They come flying back at me
My childhood memories



SHATTERED DREAM- Ricky Mato

I had a dream
But it is a shattered dream
How can we protect
a dream when it is defect?
I had a dream
But it was broken in the dream
How can we stable
a dream when it tremble?
I had a dream
But it is a wild dream
How we stabilize
a dream to legalize?



THE SAME OLD LOVE STORY- Ricky Mato

It is the same old love story
Like there is no other story
The same old words
And the same old advice
It is the same old love tale
Like there is no other tale
The images are similar
The appearances are familiar
It is the same old love movie
Like there is no other movie
The actors are famous
The characters are hilarious
It's the same old love experience
Like there is no difference
The lessons are repeated

And the advice was always needed
It's the same old love legend
Like there is no other legend
There was once a Juliet
And there was once a Romeo
It's the same old love scenes
Like there is no other scene
There is some loving
And there is some grumbling

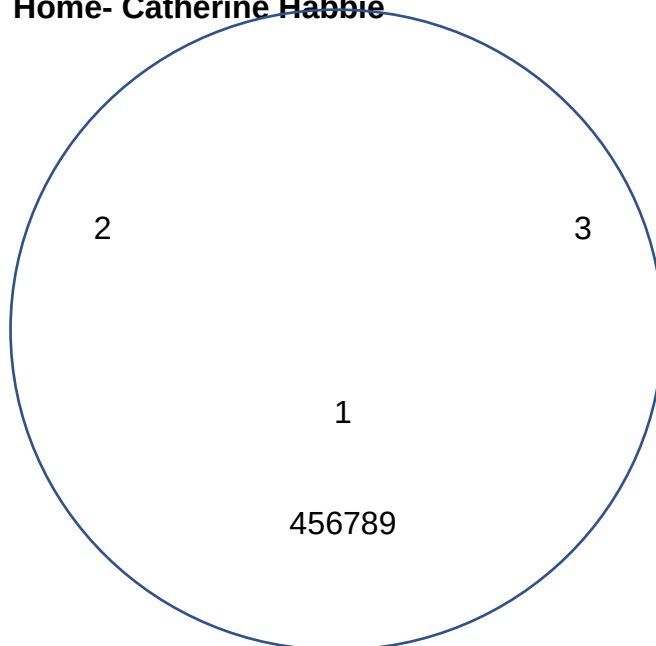


THE PURE LOVE- Ricky Mato

Love is pure
And hate is not in the mixture
Love is solo
And violence does not follow
Love is wholeness
And there is no brokenness
Love is trustful
And it is not lustful
Love is respect
And there is no disrespect
Love is humble
And it is not trouble
Love is kind
And it is not other kind
Love is unity
And there is no disunity



Home- Catherine Habbie



1. Smells like comfort
2. I see peace
3. I see tears of joy
4. Happy moments
5. Happy girl, happy boy
6. There is release
7. A lot of effort
8. Love all nine
9. For home is mine



Touch- Catherine Habbie

Hugs are rare in a distant land
No relatives, no friends at hand
Steely chains of traditions keep you safe.
Lest emotions run a race.
Long goodbyes bereft of tears
Brave faces allayed all fears

Brave birds that didn't go south
Undecided, twirling as the breeze blows
Withered brown leaves rolling in the wind
Ashen tree limbs waiting for life to sprout from within
A touch of water
Blades of grass dare to rise
Buds afraid of the looming rain
The wind whistling through my ears
Now gentle, now howling, now fortifying my fears
Distant tweets beckon
To warmer shores I reckon

The new mum showered her babes with kisses
But the teen cheeks it always misses.
The world has stopped.
No hugs, no kisses, no touch.
Just lay endlessly on the couch
No handshakes, no kisses on the cheek.
Life just looks very bleak.

The end is in sight
Hurray for the vaccine.
At the end of the tunnel there is light
Life begins
The world is human again.



Insomniac dreams-Aiman Sabir

When will I be set free?
to wake up and see what I want to be?
Like a dove or a blue jay, sitting on a swing
be able to sing a new morning hymn.
Tell me when will I anticipate, a 'morrow
where there's no chance to meet up sorrow?
away from the worries and the chronic dismay
where I can pick white flowers every day.
a place where I can live to feel and enjoy
where I get to receive a privileged joy.
Tell me when will I see, the star of my fate
among the empty shadows, a spirit to relate?
when will I be resilient, with my unstable strength
to have a good night's sleep, of a light-year's length?
to open my tight lips and read the say of dawn
to wake up fresh in the morn, without the gag of a yawn.
When will I try to fly, despite the urge to cry
when will I start to hear, the promise of the sky?
Towards the end of night, I long to be the Knight
that runs behind the sun, in the search of light.
whose satchel is open for what life has got to give
from nature's drying marrow, who can pull the will to live.



**When I'm gone-Aiman Sabir
(Death note '22)**

Let me die in spring, under the cherry tree
around the time of harvest, let it not be.
away from the town, closer to some hill
In the company of doves, bury me still.
listening to the rain, In the desolation of night,
come visit me howling, before the morning light.
pass through the pleasant blossoms in a storm
reach my thatched grave when the weather isn't warm.
Like birds get saddened by the passing of spring,
asking for a refund that time can't bring
look upon the stars for a score of years
recite my poems with a tribute of tears.
And upon every tempest, visit the willow trees
bend over the grass, with elbows on your knees.
confess to me your love, standing sure and brave!
give the scent of life, to the blossoms of my grave.



I Feel Like A Fraud- Rodney D Roby (1986)

I love you Lord my God
You are eternal and supreme
But I have some sins against you
That make me wicked and unclean
I've abused the blood of Jesus
Because of my continual wickedness
And that makes me feel like a fraud

I pray O Lord my God
That you will forgive me
And not cast me forever
Into that awful fiery sea
I know that your love is endless
With all your mercy and forgiveness
But still Lord, I feel like a fraud

You know Almighty Lord my God
All my great unpardoned sin
They are so very, very wicked
Still to them I have given in
I plead the blood of Jesus
And ask again for your forgiveness
And please change me, so I'm not a fraud

As I said Lord, my God
I pray that you'll change me
Because of your love and kindness
In the name of Jesus I plead
Please give me an end to this mess
Of all my terrible wickedness
So father I won't be a fraud



I Feel Like A Fraud- Rodney D Roby(2017)

You love me, Lord my God
You're really eternal and supreme
I'd surrendered my sins against you
And was made stain free and clean
You applied the blood of Jesus
Forgiven all my wickedness
And I'm feeling less like a fraud

You answered O Lord my God
Thank you for forgiving me
For holding me forever
In your arms of Jubilee
You provide love that's endless
With all your mercy and forgiveness
No need, feeling like a fraud

I know Almighty Lord my God
Bow you pardoned all my sin
I was stifled from feeling wickedness And you kept me from falling in
It was that precious blood of Jesus
That gave me my forgiveness
You had changed me, so I'm not a fraud

As you had said, Lord my God
That you did change me
Through your Love and Kindness
In the name of Jesus I plead
Thank you for ending all the mess
For forgiving all my terrible wickedness
So Father, I'm a saint, and not a fraud



Mother's home- Saheli Dey

You can't be a mother, the doctor said
I felt my world tumbled in my head,
With empty hand folded I cried,
Thought God might rain one day, so I tried,
To appease all the deities for one boon,
May I too be homing soon.

Friends and family, pitiful eyes,
Refer to doctors, suggest to try
For some miracle to take place,
Advise of pills, medicines and the rest.
There stands silent my dark doom
A flower less bosom, dreams in tomb.

A fate less forehead, fruitless womb,
Perfect embodiment of gloom,
Neighbours hush, tell remedies,
But some are just not meant to be
Mothers, daughters, kind and cool,
To be kept as 'prettiest fools'.

So countless fiery summers I spent,
*On some days I put my
soul on rent My will
power works three jobs
to pay, for a wrinkled
hackneyed apartment.
To see little steps back
afternoon I hope I will be
homing soon!*

*Home of smiles on
tender lips, Little hands
hold those fingertips,
Where mothers aren't
known by blood Or
womb or race or
religious trusts.*

*Where I am wanted
loved so kind, I'll be
called theirs and they all
mine.*

*Home with a garden
of my tree However
fruitless it may be,
Where is practiced
selfless love By people
aren't 'motherly
enough'! to some infant
fate less dunes! For
them I dream of
homing soon.*

